THE

Power of Harmony:

A

POEM, in Two Books.

(Price 1 *s.* 6 *d.*)

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Δοκουσι δε μοι παλαιοι τε και σοφοι ανδρες πολλα υπερ ξυμμετριας της εν γραφικη γραψαι οιον νομους τιθεντες της εκαστου των μελων αναλογιας· ως μη ενον της κατ' εννοιαν κινησεως επιχειρειν αιρεσθαι, μη εισω τε εκ φυσεως μετρου της αρμονιας πηδησης. Το γαρ εκφυλον, και εξω μετρου, μη αποδεχεσθαι φυσει, ορθως εχουσι κινησιν.

PHILOSTRATUS.

LONDON:

Printed for R. DODSLEY at *Tully's* Head in *Pall-mall.*

M.DCC.XLV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

Printed for R. Dodsley, at Tully's Head in Pall-mall.

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The DESIGN.

IT is observable, that whatever is true, just, and harmonious, whether in Nature or Morals, gives an instantaneous pleasure to the mind, exclusive of reflection. For the great Creator of all things, infinitely wise and good, ordain'd a perpetual agreement between the Faculties of Moral Perception, the Powers of Fancy, and the Organs of bodily Sensation, when they are free and undistemper'd. From hence is deducible the most comfortable, as well as the most true Philosophy that ever adorn'd the world; namely, a constant admiration of the beauty of the Creation, terminating in the adoration of the First Cause, which naturally leads mankind chearfully to co-operate with his grand design for the promotion of universal happiness.

From hence our Author was led to draw that analogy between natural and moral beauty; ſince the ſame faculties, which render us ſuſceptible of pleaſure from the perfection of the Creation, and the excellence of the Arts, afford us delight in the contemplation of Dignity and Juſtice in Characters and Manners. For what is Virtue, but a juſt regulation of our affections and appetites, to make 'em correſpond to the peace and welfare of Society? ſo that Good and Beauty are inſeparable.

From this true reliſh of the Soul, this harmonious aſſociation of Ideas, the ancient Philoſophers, and their diſciples among the moderns, have enliven'd their imaginations and writings in this amicable intercourſe of adding moral Epithets to natural Objects, and illuſtrating their obſervations upon the conduct of life, by Metaphors drawn from the external Scenes of the world. So we know, that by a *beautiful* Action, or *conſonant* Behaviour, is meant the generous reſignation of private advantage by ſome Individual, to ſubmit and adapt his ſingle Being to the whole Community, or ſome part of it. And

in like manner, when we read of a ſolemn Grove, where *Horror* and *Melancholy* reign, we entertain an Idea of a place that creates ſuch thoughts in the mind, by reaſon of its ſolitary ſituation, want of light, or any other circumſtance analogous to thoſe diſpoſitions, ſo term'd, in human nature.

This then is the Deſign of the Poem, to ſhew that a conſtant attention to what is perfect and beautiful in nature, will by degrees harmonize the Soul to a reſponſive regularity and ſympathetic order.

From what has been premis'd, 'twould be needleſs to explain the comprehenſive meaning of the word HARMONY. For an explanation or a proof of the relation of the Imitative Arts to Moral Philoſophy, the Reader is referr'd to the Dialogues of *Plato*, and the other Philoſophers of the Academic School; to Lord *Shafteſbury* and *Hutcheſon*, their great Diſciples among the Moderns.

The ARGUMENT to the FIRST BOOK.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation to Venus *allegorically. Invitation to quit Superſtition, and adore the Creator of all things.* Chaos *originally reduced to Harmony. A fictitious account of the Muſick of the Spheres. The notes of Muſick taken from the number of Planets. Its effect on the human mind in Deſpair——in Sorrow——in Rage——on Diſtemper'd Bodies——on Brutes and Irrational Beings. The ſeat of Art deſcrib'd, and her attendants. To what End are her labours. Either to excite Voluptuouſneſs, or the contrary, juſt as made uſe of. Commendation of the uſe of Art to raiſe in us ſentiments of Juſtice and Temperance. The excellence of Art as great in repreſenting monſtrous objects as the moſt regular, as far as relates to imitation. Why a juſt reſemblance gives us pleaſure. Paſſions may be repreſented by outward forms, but Moral Beauty can never be full enough expreſs'd by them. That province belongs to the Muſe. The concluſion of the firſt book.*

THE POWER of HARMONY: A POEM.

BOOK THE FIRST.

The Harmony of MUSIC, POETRY, *and the Imitative* ARTS.

OF HARMONY, and her cœleſtial pow'r
O'er the reſponſive Soul, and whence ariſe
Thoſe ſweet ſenſations, whether from the lays
Of melting Muſic, and impaſſion'd Verſe,
From mimic ſcenes of emulative Art,
Or Nature's beauteous objects, that affect
The Moral Pow'rs with ſympathetic charms,
The Muſe congenial ſings. Deſcend, ye nine,

Who guard th' Aonian mount, whilſt I unfold
The deep receſſes of your tuneful haunts,
And from your inmoſt bow'rs ſelect a bay
To deck the fav'rite theme. Do thou attend,
Thou, whom LUCRETIUS to his great deſign
Invok'd; and with thee bring thy darling ſon,
Who tun'd ANACREON's lyre, to guide my hand,
Advent'rous rais'd to ſweep harmonious chords.

Come all ye ſons of Liberty, who wake
From dreams of Superſtition, where the Soul,
Thro' miſts of forc'd belief, but dimly views
It's own great Maker; come, and I will guide,
Uninterrupted by the jargon ſhrill
Of peeviſh Prieſts, your footſteps to the throne
Where Pleaſure reigns with Reaſon, to behold
His Majeſty Celeſtial, and adore
Him thro' each object of proportion fair,
The ſource of Virtue, Harmony, and Bliſs!
Ere this delightful face of things adorn'd
The great expanſe of day, dark Chaos reign'd,
And

And elemental Diſcord; in the womb
Of ancient Night, the war of atoms rag'd
Inceſſant; Anarchy, Confuſion wild,
Harſh Diſſonance, and Uproar fill'd the whole;
Till that Eternal ONE, who from the firſt
Exiſted, ſent his plaſtic word abroad
Throughout the vaſt Abyſs: Created Worlds
Felt the ſweet impulſe, and obedient fled
To ſtations aſcertain'd; there to perform
Their various motions, correſponding all
To one harmonious plan, which fablers feign
The myſtic Muſic of the diſtant Spheres.

All this the Samian ſage had ſeen at large,
From Ida's cloud-topt ſummit, or the cave
With Epimenides, where he ſurvey'd,
Higher on wings of contemplation borne,

All this the Samian ſage.] It is very evident that *Pythagoras*, who is juſtly eſteemed in one reſpect the inventer of Muſic, had a clear notion of the preſent aſtronomical ſyſtem, tho' the honour of the diſcovery was reſerv'd for *Copernicus* ſo many ages after. Nor was this ſentiment of his unknown to the reſt of the Philoſophers: for the *Stagyrite*, in the 13th chapter of the 2d book περι Ουρανου, ſpeaks of it in theſe terms. "Thoſe Philoſophers, who are called *Pythagoreans*, "affirm, that the Sun is in the middle; and that the Earth, like the reſt of the "planets, rolls round it upon it's own axis, and ſo forms the day and night.

The mighty maze of Nature; and he learnt,
From a cœleſtial number, how to form
The lyre heart-melting, and the vocal ſhell.

Thus all the pow'r of Muſic from the Spheres
Deſcends to wake the tardy ſoul of man
From dreams terreſtrial; ever to it's charms
Obſequious, ever by it's dulcet ſtrains
Smooth'd from the paſſions of tempeſtuous life,
And taught to præenjoy it's native heav'n.

Whilſt thro' this vale of error we purſue
Ideal joys, where fancy leads us on
Thro' ſcenes of Paradiſe in fairy forms
Of Eaſe, of Pleaſure, or extenſive Pow'r;
And when we think full fairly we poſſeſs
The promis'd Heav'n, Diſeaſe, or wrinkled Care,
Fill with their loath'd embrace our eager graſp,
And leave us in a wilderneſs of woe
To weep at large; where ſhall we ſeek relief,

From a cœleſtial number.] The number of the Planets.

Παντες δ' επαπτοιοιο λυρης φθογγοισι συνιδον
Αρμονιην προσιεγθαι δι' ας αλλος απ' αλλη.
ALEX. EPHES. apud HERACL. de Hom.

Where eaſe th' oppreſſive anguiſh of the mind,
When Retroſpection glows with conſcious ſhame,
By grey Experience in the wholſome ſchool
Of ſorrow tutor'd? Whither ſhall we fly?
To wilds and woods, and leave the buſy world
For ſolitude? Ah! thither ſtill purſue
Th' intruding Fiends, attend our evening-walk,
Breathe in each breeze, and murmur in each rill;
Where Peace, protected by the turtle wing
Of Innocence, expands the lovely bloom
Of gay Content, no more to be enjoy'd,
But loſt for ever! Yet benignant Heav'n,
Correcting with parental pity, ſent
This friendly Siren from the groves of Joy,
To temper with melliſluent ſtrains the voice
Of mental anguiſh, and attune the groans
Of young Impatience, to the ſofter ſound
Of grateful Pæans to it's maker's praiſe.

Alike, if ills external, made our own,
Mix in the cup of life the bitter drop

Of Sorrow; when the childleſs Father ſighs
From the remembrance of his dying Son;
When Death has ſever'd, with a long farewel,
The Lover from the object of deſire,
In the full bloom of youth, and leaves the wretch,
To ſooth affliction in the well-known ſcenes
Of blameleſs rapture once; uncouth Advice,
In vain intrudes with Sacerdotal frown,
And Superſtition's jargon, to expell
The ſweet diſtreſs; the gen'rous Soul diſdains,
Deaf to ſuch Monkiſh precepts, all conſtraint,
And gives a looſe to grief; but ſtreight apply
The lenient force of Numbers, they'll aſſwage
By calm degrees the ſympathetic pain,
Till lull'd at length, the Intellectual Pow'rs
Sink to divine repoſe, and rage no more.
So when deſcended rains from Alpine rocks
Burſt forth in diff'rent torrents, down they ruſh
Precipitate, and o'er the craggy ſteep
Hoarſe roaring bear the parted ſoil away;

Anon,

Anon, collected on the ſmoother plains,
Glide to the channel of ſome ancient flood,
And flow one ſilent ſtream. This oft I felt,
When, wand'ring thro' the unfrequented woods,
Mourning for poor ARDELIA's hapleſs fate,
Thee, my belov'd MELODIUS, I have heard
In ſilent rapture all the live-long day.
Tho' black Deſpair fate brooding o'er my thoughts
Pregnant with horror, thy Platonic lay
Diſpell'd th' unmanly ſorrows, and again
Led forth my vagrant fancy thro' the plan
Of Nature, ſtudious to explore with thee
Each beauteous ſcene of Muſical delight,
That bears fraternal likeneſs to the Soul.
Is there a Paſſion, whoſe impetuous force
Diſturbs the human breaſt, and breaking forth
With ſad eruptions, deals deſtruction round,
Like flames convulſive from th' Ætnean mole,

Is there a paſſion, &c.] Spirto ha' ben diſſonante, anima ſorde,
Che dal concerto univerſal diſcorda.
Vide L'Adone *del* MARINO, *Cant. ſeſt.*

But by the magic ſtrains of ſome ſoft air
Is harmoniz'd to peace? As Tempeſts ceaſe
Their elemental fury, when the Queen
Of Heav'n, deſcending on a Zephyr's plume,
Smiles on th' enamel'd landſcape of the Spring.
Say, at that ſolemn hour the noon of night,
When naught but plaintive Philomela wakes,
Say, whilſt ſhe warbles forth her tragic tale,
Whilſt grief melodious charms the Sylvan Pow'rs,
And Echo from her inmoſt cave of reſt
Joins in her wailing, doſt not thou partake
A melancholy pleaſure? And tho' Rage
Did lead thee forth beneath the ſilent gloom,
To meditate on horror and revenge,
Thy ſoften'd Soul is gently ſoth'd within,
And, humaniz'd again by Pity's voice,
Becomes as tender as the gall-leſs Dove.

Nor is the muſeful bleſſing here confin'd
To cure diſtemper'd paſſions, and allay
By it's perſuaſive notes convulſive throbs

Of

Of ſoul alone; but (ſtrange!) with ſubtle pow'r
Acts on the groſſer matter of the frame,
By riot ſhatter'd, or the caſual lot
Of ſickneſs wither'd. When th' harmonious plan
Of inward Beauty ceaſes, oft the Lute,
By ſoft vibrations on repulſive nerves,
Has reconcil'd, by medicinal ſounds,
Corporeal Chaos to it's priſtine form.
Such is the fabled charm Italians boaſt
To cure that Inſect's venom, which benumbs
By fatal touch the frozen veins, and lulls
The ſenſes in oblivion: when the Harp,
Sonorous, thro' the patient's boſom pours
It's antidotal notes, the flood of life,
Loos'd at its ſource by tepefying ſtrains,
Flows like collected ſnows of wintry ſtorms,
At a warm Zephyr of the genial Spring.
Doubt you thoſe charms of Muſic o'er the Soul
Of Man? Behold, the brute Creation feels

Behold, the brute creation feels.] See the ſurpriſing effects of Muſic relate by *Plato*, *Ariſtotle*, *Theophraſtus*, *Polybius*, and other ancient authors.

's pow'r divine! For when the liquid Flute
reathes am'rous airs, touch'd by the love-sick swain,
lute is each hill and dale; the list'ning herds
xpress their joy irrational (as erst
When Fauns and Dryads follow'd ancient Pan
n festive dance.) Ask you, from whence arise
hese grateful signs of pleasure in the gaze
Of list'ning flocks at Music's dulcet lore?
rom whence, but from responsive notes within
Of HARMONY celestial, that inspires
ach animal, thro' all the spacious tracts
Of Earth, and Air, and Water; from the large
Unwieldy Elephant, to th' unseen Mote,
hat flutters in the Sun's meridian beam.

The list'ning herds, &c.] "For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
"Or race of youthful and unhandled colts, &c.
SHAKESP. *Merchant of* Venice.

From responsive notes within of Harmony celestial, &c.] 'Twas an opinion of ... of the Heathen Philosophers, that the spirit which animated every crea... was an emanation of the Deity, and after solution would rejoin that source ... life again. *Virgil* alludes to that doctrine in these lines,

.....Deum namque ire per omnes
Terrasque tractusque maris cælumque profundum, &c.
VIRG. *Georg.* IV.

See! round that fragrant Roſe, whoſe ſweets perfume
The tinctur'd pinions of the paſſing breeze,
How Bees laborious gather, from each hive!
The duſky myriads ſwarm, to taſte the dew,
Juſt ſprinkled from Aurora's golden plumes,
Ambroſializ'd within its dulcet leaves,
And ſweets diſtilling like Arabian gums
From medicial groves—homeward they bear
The liquid ſpoil, exulting, all intent
T' inrich the waxen empire; till anon
Luxurious Plenty ſows the fatal ſeed
Of dire Diſſention; ſudden rage enſues,
And fight domeſtic; to the fields of air
The winged hoſts reſort; the ſignals ſound,
And civil ſlaughter ſtrews the plains below
With many a little corpſe. But e'en amidſt
The thickeſt War, let but the tuneful rod
On brazen cymbal ſtrike, the lenient ſtrains,
Quick undulating thro' the ſilent air,
Recall harmonious Love and gentle Peace;

Back to their ancient ſeats the friendly ſwarms
Sudden in reunited cluſters join,
Pendent on neighb'ring ſallows; naught is heard
But notes reciprocal of bliſs ſincere,
Soft-breathing thro' each amicable hive.

Now to the Muſe ſublimer objects turn;
For MIND alone can feel th' effect divine
Of emulative Art, where human ſkill
Steals with a Promethéan hand the fire
Of Heav'n, to imitate cœleſtial pow'r.

Deep in the vale of Solitude, where Peace
Breaths o'er the Soul diviner airs than thoſe
By Grecian fablers ſung, which from the banks
Of fam'd Elyſium waft on happy ſhades
Their grateful influence, in ſequeſter'd bow'rs
The Pow'r of ART reſides: Reflection firm,
And vagrant Fancy at her ſov'reign nod
Attendant wait; behind th' Ideal train
Of Memory, with retroſpective eye,
Supports her throne, whilſt Contemplation guides

Her trophied car. Thro' nature's various paths,
Alike, where glows the bloſſom'd pride of May,
Or where bleak Winter from the widow'd ſhrubs
Strips the gay verdure, and inveſts the boughs
With ſnowy horror; where delicious ſtreams
Thro' flow'ry meadows ſeek their wanton courſe,
Or where on Afric's unfrequented coaſts
The dreary deſart burns; where e'er the ray
Of Beauty gilds the ſcene, or where the cloud
Of Horror caſts its ſhade; SHE unreſtrain'd
Explores, and in her faithful mirror bears
The ſweet reſemblance, to revive the Soul,
When Abſence from the ſight for ever tears
The ſource of rapture. Hence the tablet glows
With charms exotic; hence the ſculptur'd buſt,
As o'er the rock the plaſtic chiſſel moves,
Breathes by degrees, till ſtreight returns afreſh
The lov'd Idea to the raviſh'd eye,
And calls up ev'ry paſſion from it's ſource.

Is Love the object of thy glowing thoughts?
Or dream'ſt thou of a bliſs exceeding far
Elyſian pleaſures? Would'ſt thou taſte again
The heart-enfeebling tranſports, when the Soul,
Big with celeſtial triumph, thro' the vales
Of amrous Fancy led the ſportive Hours
To ſoft Idalian airs, whilſt wanton Loves
Strew'd round thee roſes of eternal bloom,
And fann'd the ſultry breeze with golden plumes?
See! where, beneath a myrtle bow'r reclin'd,
That on the canvaſs caſts it's cooling ſhade,
Encirled in each other's arms, yon beauteous pair
In dulcet dalliance lie; the rigid frown
Of Care ne'er low'rs, but ever-chearful Smiles
Effuſe, like vernal Suns, their genial beams
To warm their mutual hearts; whilſt rapt'rous Sighs,
Sweeter than aromatick winds that blow
O'er ſpicy groves in intermingled gales,
Are wafted to th' impending queen of Love.

But

But burns thy heart with more refin'd delight?
And would'ſt thou thro' the faithful colours view
Calm Chaſtity and Juſtice blend their charms,
Like gleams of opening heav'n? Yon radiant throne
Preſents great CYRUS, as the Magi feign'd
The ſnowy-veſted MITHRES, from the Eaſt
Deſcending in effulgent rays of light,
To guide the virtuous to th' ætherial plains,
Where Joy for ever dwells. Before him ſtands
A trembling Captive, with dejected looks,
As conſcious of her form: Upon her cheeks
The roſe of Beauty fades, with paler hue
The lilly ſickens, and each flow'r declines
It's drooping head. But ſee! how he revives
With unexpected hopes her tortur'd breaſt,
And Joy's ſoft bluſh appears! So the bleſs'd wings
Of weſtern Zephyrs, o'er Arabian coaſts
Sprinkle their heav'nly dew; the wither'd plants
Incline their ſun-parch'd boſoms to imbibe
The renovating moiſture, till anon

The priſtine bloom thro' vegetative pores
Returning, ſmiles in ev'ry flow'ry vale,
And decks the neighb'ring hills with verdant pride.
Such groups as theſe inſtruct th' unbiaſs'd mind
With real wiſdom, when with Beauty's garb
Virtue inveſted, and ne'er-fading charms,
Fills with deſire the Soul; here Art employs
To worthy ends her pencil as of old,
And calls the Hero to receive the wreath
Of public Honour, whilſt his ſacred Buſt
Is ſtill preſerv'd for nations yet unborn
To view with Adoration; ev'ry breaſt
Feels emulative ſpirits burn within,
And longs to join the honour'd liſt of Fame.
Yet ſtill her influence is not leſs confeſs'd
In other forms, to raiſe abhorrence fierce,
To paint in hideous ſhapes the crew of Vice,
And all her train of ſure-attending woes.
Theſe objects have their diff'rent graces too,

And

And glow, if faithful, thro' the mimic ſcenes
With charms peculiar. For Perfection ſits,
As the known Imitation ſhall ſucceed,
With equal luſtre on a Tyrant's frown,
As on the dimple of Pancaſte's cheek,
Or Delia's iv'ry neck. The melting tear
Drops from th' afflicted Parent's joyleſs eye,
Not leſs delightful to th' attentive gaze
Of fixt examination, than the ſmiles
Of infant Cupids ſporting thro' the groves,
Where Venus ſleeping lies. From Nature form'd,
The juſt reſemblance from conſenting Thought
Applauſe demands; and Fancy's raviſh'd eye
Sports o'er the painted ſurge, whoſe billows roll
Tempeſtuous to the ſky, with equal bliſs,
As o'er the marble ſurface of the deep,
When mild Favonius from the weſtern iſles,

For Perfection ſits, &c.] See the reaſon in *Ariſtotle* aſſign'd, why the mind is as much delighted with aptneſs of deſcription to excite the Image, as with the Image in deſcription. ARIST. *de Poet. cap.* 4. So PLUTARCH *de Aud. Poet.* See his *Symp. lib.* 5.

With youthful Spring flies gladsome o'er the main,
To seek his gentle May; whilst Proteus rests
Deep in his ouzy bed, and Halcyons call,
Secure of peace, their new-fledg'd young abroad.
External matter thus by Art is wrought,
Or with the pencil or the chissel's touch,
To give us back the image of the Mind,
Which smiles to find it's own conceptions there.
But can She draw the tenderness of Thought?
Can She depict the Beauty of the Soul,
And all th' internal train of sweet distress,
When Friendship o'er the recent grave declines
It's sick'ning head, as ev'ry action dear,
And ev'ry circumstance of mutual love
Returns a-fresh; whilst from the streaming eyes
Bursts forth a flood of unavailing tears,
Of parting tears, e're yet they close the tomb?
Or, can She from the colours that adorn
The watry bow; from all the splendid store,
That Flora lavishes in vernal hours

On wanton Zephyr; from the blazing mine
Where Plutus reigns; can She ſelect a bloom
To emulate the Patriot's boſom, when the wealth
Of Nations, all imperial pomp is ſcorn'd,
And Tyrants frown in vain, yet to the laſt
He breathes the ſocial ſigh, and even in Death
With bleſſing on his native country calls?——
That only to the Muſe belongs, to ſhew
How charms each moral Beauty, how the ſcene
Of Goodneſs pleaſes the reſponſive Soul,
And ſooths within the Intellectual Pow'rs
With ſympathetic order. For at firſt,
This emanation of the ſource of Life
Unſullied glows, till o'er th' æthereal rays
Opinion caſts a tincture, and infects
The mental optics with a jaundice hue;
Then, like the domes beneath a Wizard's wand,
Each object, as the helliſh artiſt wills,
A ſhape fallacious wears.—O throng, ye youth,

Around the Poet's ſong, whoſe ſacred Lays,
Breathe no infectious vapours from the coaſts,
Where Indolence ſupinely nods at eaſe,
And offers to the paſſing crowd her couch
Of down, whilſt infant Vices lull the mind
To fatal ſlumbers; other themes invite
My faithful hand to ſtrike the votive lyre.
Lo! VIRTUE comes in more effulgent pomp,
Than what the great Impoſtor promis'd oft
To cheated crowds of Muſſulmen, beſide
The winey rivers and refreſhing ſhades
Of Paradiſe; and lo! the daſtard train
Of Pleaſure diſappears. So fleet the ſhades,
That wander in the dreary gloom of night,
When from the eaſtern hills Aurora pours
Her flood of glory, and relumes the world.
Be She my great protectreſs, She my guide
Thro' lofty Pindus, and the laurel grove,
Whilſt I thro' unfrequented paths purſue

The ſteps of Grecian ſages, and diſplay
The juſt ſimilitude of Moral charms,
Of HARMONY and JOY, with this fair frame
Of outward things, that thro' untainted ſenſe
With a congenial goodneſs fires the Soul.

The End of the Firſt Book.

The Fepa of Grecian Iages, and diſplay
The juſt ſimilitude of Moral charms,
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Of outward things, that thro' untainted ſenſe
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The End of the Firſt Book.

THE

THE Power of Harmony:

BOOK THE SECOND.

The ARGUMENT of the SECOND BOOK.

Invocation to the moral train of Harmony: External objects analogous to 'em. The ſeats of Rural Beauty. Every kind of Beauty charms, excluſive of any ſecondary motive. The annual renovation of Nature. The complicated charms of various objects. The Great, the Wonderful, the Fair: The Contraſt to the ſame harmonious when united in the univerſal plan of Nature. Abſtracted objects, how they work upon the mind: ---with Gayety:---with Horror: ----with Sorrow, Admiration, &c. Moral Beauty ſuperior to Natural. A view of the Univerſal Harmony of the whole. What to be deduced from it. Contemplation on Beauty and Proportion in external objects, harmonizes the Soul to a Sympathetic Order. The Concluſion.

THE POWER of HARMONY: A POEM.

BOOK THE SECOND.

The HARMONY *of* NATURE.

COME all ye moral Genii, that attend
The train of Rural Beauty, bring your gifts,
Your fragrant chaplets, and your purple wreaths,
To crown your Poet's brow; come all ye Pow'rs,
That haunt the ſylvan ſhades, where Solitude
Nurſes ſweet Contemplation; come ye band
Of Graces, gentle Peace, Contentment fair,

Sweet Innocence, and ſnowy-winged Hope,
That ſport with young Simplicity beneath
Her moſſy roof; around my faithful lays
Lead forth in feſtive pomp your paramours
Of Nature, deck'd in Spring's Elyſian bloom,
Or Autumn's purple robes; whilſt I relate
In ſounds congenial your untainted bliſs,
And their unfading luſtre. Nor be thou
Far from my lyre, O Liberty! ſweet nymph,
That roam'ſt at large thro' unfrequented groves,
Swift as the mountain hind, or eaſtern winds
O'er Aſia's kingdoms.——To each nat'ral ſcene
A moral pow'r belongs; as erſt the woods,
Inſpir'd by Dryads, wav'd their awful heads
With ſacred horror, and the cryſtal ſtreams
Flow'd unpolluted by revering ſwains
From urns cœleſtial, whilſt the myſtic ſounds
Of ſportive nymphs were heard in bubbling ſprings

———*Your paramours of Nature.*] Natural objects, which produce in the mind ſuch images.

Ye Fields and Woods, and ſilver winding Streams,
Ye lilied Vallies, and reſounding Rocks,
Where faithful Echo dwells; ye Manſions bleſt
Where Nature reigns throughout the wide expanſe,
In majeſty ſerene of opening Heav'n;
Or, humbler ſeated, in the bluſhing Roſe,
The virgin Violet, or the creeping Moſs,
Or winding round the mould'ring Ruin's top,
With no unpleaſing horror ſit array'd
In venerable joy: Hail, thrice hail,
Ye ſolitary ſeats, where Wiſdom ſeeks
Beauty and Good, th' unſeparable pair,
Sweet offspring of the ſky, thoſe emblems fair
Of the Cœleſtial Cauſe, whoſe tuneful word
From Diſcord and from Chaos rais'd this globe,
And all the wide effulgence of the day.

From Him begins this beam of gay delight,
When aught deſirous ſtrikes th' attentive mind;
In Him ſhall end; for He attun'd the frame
Of paſſive organs with internal ſenſe,

To feel an inſtantaneous glow of joy,
When Beauty from her native ſeat of Heav'n,
Cloath'd in ætherial mildneſs, on our plains
Deſcends, ere Reaſon with her tardy eye
Can view the form divine; and thro' the world
The heav'nly boon to ev'ry being flows.
Why when the genial Spring, with chaplets crown'd
Of daiſies, pinks, and vi'lets, wakes the Morn
With placid whiſpers, do the Turtles coo,
And call their conſorts from the neighb'ring groves
With ſofter Muſic? why exalts the Lark
His matin warbling with redoubled lays?
Why ſtand th' admiring Herds with joyful gaze
Facing the dawn of day, or friſking bound
O'er the ſoft ſurface of the verdant meads,
With unaccuſtom'd tranſport? 'Tis the ray

To feel an inſtantaneous flow of joy.] Whatever is true, juſt, and harmonious, whether in nature or morals, gives an immediate pleaſure, excluſive of reflection: nor, as Beauty is not vague and unſettled, but fixt to a proper criterion, are we left indifferent; but led naturally to embrace it, by that propenſity the divine author of all things implanted in us. See the *Characteriſticks*, and *An Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of Beauty and Virtue.*

Of Beauty, beaming it's benignant warmth
Thro' all the brute creation: hence ariſe
Spontaneous off'rings of unfeigned love
In ſilent praiſes. And ſhall Man alone,
Shall Man with blind ingratitude neglect
His maker's bounty? Shall the lap of Sloth,
With ſoft inſenſibility compoſe
His uſeleſs ſoul, whilſt unregarded blooms
The renovated luſtre of the world?
See! how eternal Hebe onward leads
The bluſhing morn, and o'er the ſmiling globe,
With Flora join'd, flies gladſome to the bow'r,
Where with the Graces, and Idalian Loves,
Her ſiſter Beauty dwells. The glades expand
The bloſſom'd fragrance of their new-blown pride,
With gay profuſion; and the flow'ry lawns
Breathe forth ambroſial odors; whilſt behind,
The Muſe, in never-dying hymns of praiſe,
Purſues the triumph, and reſponſive airs
Symphonious warble thro' the vocal groves,

Till playful Echo, in each hill and dale,
Joins the glad Chorus, and improves the lay.

First o'er yon complicated landscape cast
Th' enraptur'd eye, where, thro' the subject plains,
Slow with majestic pride a spacious flood
Devolves his lordly stream; with many a turn
Seeking along his serpentizing way,
And in the grateful intricasies feeds
With fruitful waves those ever-smiling shores,
Which in the floating mirror view their charms,
With conscious glory; from the neighb'ring urns
Th' inferior rivers swell his regal pomp
With tributary off'rings. Some afar
Thro' silent osiers, and the sullen green
Of mournful willows, melancholy flow:
Some o'er the rattling pebbles, to the sun
Obvious, with colour'd rays refracted, shine
Like gems which sparkle on th' exalted crowns
Of King's barbaric: Others headlong fall
From a high precipice, whose awful brow,

Fring'd

Fring'd with a ſable wood, nods dreadful o'er
The deep below, that ſpreads it's wat'ry lap
To catch the guſhing homage, then proceeds
With richer waves than thoſe Pactolus erſt
Pour'd o'er his golden ſands; or yellow Po,
Ting'd with the tears of aromatic trees.
Then at a diſtance, thro' the parted cliffs
In unconfin'd perſpective ſend thy gaze,
That brooks no limit, on the green expanſe
Of Ocean, ſwelling his cœrulean tide,
Whilſt o'er th' irriguous boſom of the deep
A halcyon ſtillneſs reigns; the boiſt'rous winds,
Huſht in Æolian caves, are lull'd to reſt,
And leave the placid main without a wave.
E'en weſtern Zephyrs, like unfrighted doves,
Skim gently o'er with reverential awe,
Nor move their ſilent plumes. At ſuch a time
Sweet Amphitrite, with her azure train
Of marine nymphs, emerging from the flood,
Whilſt e'vry Triton tun'd his vocal ſhell,

To Hymeneal ſounds, from Nereus' court
Came to eſpouſe the Monarch of the main,
In nuptial pomp attir'd.---Now change the ſcene,
Nor leſs admire thoſe things, which view'd apart
Uncooth appear, or horrid; ridges black,
Of ſhagged rocks, that hang tremendous o'er
Some barren heath; the congregated clouds
That ſpread their ſable ſkirts, and wait the wind
To burſt th' emboſom'd ſtorm; a leafleſs wood,
A mould'ring ruin, light'ning-blaſted fields,
Nay e'en the ſeat where Deſolation reigns
In browneſt horror, by familiar thought
Connected to this univerſal frame,
With equal beauty charms the taſteful ſoul,
As the gold landſcapes of the happy iſles
Crown'd with Heſperian fruit: for Nature form'd
One plan entire, and made each ſep'rate ſcene
Co-op'rate with the gen'ral force of all
In that harmonious contraſt. Hence the Fair,
The Wonderful, the Great, from diff'rent forms

Owe

Owe their ſuperior excellence. The light,
Not intermingled with oppoſing ſhades,
Had ſhone unworſhip'd by the Perſian prieſt
With undiſtinguiſh'd rays.---Yet ſtill the hue
Of ſeparated objects tinge the ſight;
With their own likeneſs; the reſponſive ſoul,
Cameleon like, a juſt reſemblance bears,
And faithful, as the ſilent mirror, ſhews
In it's true boſom, whether from without
A blooming Paradiſe ſmiles round the land,
Or Stygian darkneſs blots the realms of day.
Say, when the ſmiling face of youthful May
Invites ſoft Zephyr to her fragrant lap,
And Phœbus wantons on the glitt'ring ſtreams,
Glows not thy blood with unaccuſtom'd joy,
And love unfelt before? Methinks the train
Of fair Euphroſyné, heart-eaſing Smiles,
Hope, and her brother Love, and young Delight,
Come to invite me to ambroſial feaſts,
Where Youth adminiſters the ſprightly bowl

Of care-beguiling Mirth; and hark! the ſound
Of ſportive Laughter, to the native home
Of ſilent Night, with all her meagre crew
Chaces abhorred Grief. Prepare the ſongs
Of mental triumph; let the jocund harp
In correſpondent notes deceive the hours,
And Merriment with Love ſhall ſport around.

But what perceive we in thoſe duſky groves,
Where cypreſs with funereall horror ſhades
Some ruin'd tomb; where deadly hemlock chills
Th' unfruitful glebe, and ſweating yews diſtill
Immedicable poiſon? In thoſe plains,
Black Melancholy dwells with ſilent Fear,
And Superſtition fierce, the fouleſt fiend
That ever ſullied light. Here frantick Woe

Here frantick woe, &c.] The Ancients, who had always this analogy between natural and moral objects in view, imagin'd every gloomy place like this to be inhabited by ſuch perſonages. *Creon*, in the *OEdipus* of *Seneca*, after he has deſcrib'd——*procul ab urbe lucus ilicibus niger*, goes on to relate what he ſaw there by the power of Necromancy.

——————————*cæcus furor*
Horrorque, & una quidquid æternæ creant
Celantque tenebræ; luctus evellens comam,
Ægreque laſſum ſuſtinens morbus caput,
Gravis ſenectus ſibimet, & pendens metus.

And to objects of a different nature, we give the moral epithets of gay, lively, chearful, &c. becauſe the mind is ſo affected.

Tears her diſhevell'd hair; here pale Diſeaſe
Hangs down her ſickly head; and Death, behind,
With ſable curtains of eternal night,
Cloſes the ghaſtly proſpect.——From the good
Far be this horrid group! the foot of Peace
And Innocence ſhould tread the bleſs'd retreat
Of pleaſant Tempe, or the flow'ry field
Of Enna, glowing with unfading bloom,
Reſponſive to the moral charms within.
Thoſe horrid realms let guilty villains haunt,
Who rob the Orphan, or the ſacred truſt
Of Friendſhip break; the wretch who never felt
Stream from his eye the comfortable balm,
That ſocial Sorrow mixes with her tears;
They ſuit their minds. There let the Tyrant howl,
And Hierarchy, miniſtreſs abhorr'd
Of Pow'r illicit, bound with iron chains
She made for Liberty and Juſtice, gnaſh
Her foaming teeth, and bite the ſcourge in vain.
-----Or when the ſtillneſs of the grey-ey'd Eve,

Broke only by the beetle's drowſy hum,
Invites us forth to ſolitary vales,
Where awful ruins on their moſſy roofs
Denote the flight of time; the pauſing eye
Slow round the gloomy regions caſts its glance,
Whilſt from within the Intellectual Pow'rs,
With melancholy pleaſure on the brow
Of thoughtful admiration fix the ſign
Of guiltleſs tranſport; not with frantic noiſe,
Nor the rude laughter of an idiot's joy;
But with the ſmiles that Wiſdom, temp'ring oft
With ſweet Content, effuſes. Here the mind,
Lull'd by the ſacred ſilence of the place,
Dreams with inchanted rapture of the groves
Of Academus, and the ſolemn walks,
As erſt frequented by the god-like band
Of Græcian ſages; to the liſt'ning ear
SOCRATIC ſounds are heard, and PLATO'S ſelf
Seems half emerging from his olive bow'r,
To gather round him all th' Athenian ſons

Of Wiſdom.----Hither throng, ye ſtudious youth;
Here thro' the mental eye enamour'd view
The charms of Moral Beauty, to the ſoul
More grateful, than when Titan's golden beam
Firſt dawns upon the new-recover'd ſight,
Of one long fated to the dreary gloom
Of Darkneſs. How, to undiſtemper'd thought,
Does Virtue in mild majeſty appear
Delightful, when the ſympathetic heart
Feels for another's woe! Was any ſcene
So beauteous, in the wide-extended pomp
And golden ſplendor of the Perſian camp;
When all the riches of the Eaſt were ſpread
Beneath the tyrant's feet; did aught appear
So lovely and ſo great, as when the call
Of curs'd ambition ceas'd in XERXES' breaſt,
And from the ſocial eye Compaſſion pour'd

Did aught appear ſo lovely, &c.] The ſuperiority of Moral Beauty to Natural has been univerſally allowed by all authors both ancient and modern. And that ſentence of *Seneca*'s may be underſtood figuratively: *Nullum ornamentum Principis faſtigio dignius pulchriusque eſt, quam illa corona ob cives ſervatos.* SENEC. de clem. lib. 1.

The tender flood of heart-ennobling tears?
Thus the chief ſcenes of Nature view'd apart,
That with a juſt ſimilitude affect
Th' attentive mind. Now thro' the tuneful whole
Let the ſwift wing of fancy bear us on
Beyond the ken of knowledge, where, unſeen
To us inhabitants of this ſmall ſpot,
Ten thouſand worlds in regions unconfin'd,
Progreſſive and obedient to the ſource
Of light eternal, gild the vaſt expanſe:
Or, ſhould we ſtop th' aſpiring flight to view,
Led by the hand of Science and of Truth,
Where in the midſt the glorious ſun expands
His flame, and with perennial beams ſupplies
The diſtant planets as they roll around;
What HARMONY Divine for ever reigns!
How theſe in tuneful order thro' the void
Their diff'rent ſtations keep, their pow'rs diſtinct
Obſerve, and in each other's friendly ſphere

How theſe in tuneful order, &c.] *Vide* Sir *Iſaac Newton*, Book the IIId. P. 345.

Their

Their kindeſt influence blend, till all unite
To form the plan of the all-ruling Mind,
And, thro' the whole, cœleſtial bliſs diffuſe!
Hence let the worſe than Atheiſt, the fond fool,
Who falſely doats in Superſtition's gloom,
And blindfold led by eaſy Faith, denies
The guide of Reaſon, obſtinately bent
To ſeek the cauſe of univerſal good,
And ſource of beauty in the Dæmon's cave,
And, ſhudd'ring, fancies he at diſtance hears

Hence let the worſe than Atheiſt.] It is beyond all diſpute evident, that theoretical Atheiſm, and it's conſequences, are leſs deſtructive to the peace of ſociety, than Enthuſiaſm and Bigotry founded upon miſtaken notions of the Deity. For as it is natural to imitate objects of the higheſt adoration, by repreſenting the First-Cauſe as an angry, jealous Being, every individual is led to act upon the ſame principles, and from thence ſo much blood has been ſpent thro' every age in religious conteſts. The near alliance of Superſtition with Atheiſm in one reſpect may eaſily be ſeen; ſince the ſlaves of the former, thro' ſtrange perverted notions, have fruitleſsly endeavoured with the latter to invalidate the ſtrength of human reaſon, and overturn the foundation of natural religion. The arguments of the moſt profeſs'd and infamous Atheiſts have lately been us'd by ignorant zealots, who call themſelves the defenders of, what really is, the pureſt religion and fineſt ſyſtem of morality the world ever knew. The Heathens themſelves were conſcious, that it was impoſſible to have a juſt idea of what was right and good, without attaining previouſly a true notion of the Deity. To which effect *Epictetus* ſpeaks in the following terms: Τῆς περὶ τὸν θεὸν εὐσεβείας ἴσθι ὅτι τὸ κυριώτατόν ἐστιν, ὀρθὰς ὑπολήψεις περὶ αὐτῶν ἔχειν, ὡς οὐσῶν, καὶ διοικούντων τὰ ὅλα καλῶς καὶ δικαίως, &c. EPICTET. cap. 38. After this knowledge the reſt comes of courſe; for, as the Father of Wiſdom obſerves, the great end of our endeavours is to be ὁμοίωσις τῷ θεῷ κατὰ τὸ δυνατόν. PLAT. Theat.

The howls of ghoſts, created to endure
Eternal torments. Let this impious wretch
Look round this fair Creation, where, impell'd
By that great Author, every atom tends
To UNIVERSAL HARMONY; where joy,
As with a Parent's fondneſs, to behold
Her own ſoft image in her child impreſs'd,
Smiles on the beauteous offspring, and illumes
Reſponſive ſigns of pleaſure; like the beams
Of Titan ſporting on the lucid waves
Whence Venus roſe of old: Let him then ſay,
If Nature meant this goodly frame to cheat
Deluded mortals? Did an idiot's ſcheme
Upraiſe this wondrous fabrick? ſay, was Man
Forth from the dark abyſs of Chaos call'd,
In vain to breathe cœleſtial air, in vain
To view the bloom of Beauty, not to feel
Th' effect divine ſoft-thrilling tho' his Soul,
And wak'ning ev'ry pow'r that ſleeps within
To gaze amazement? did the LORD of all

Attune our finer organs to the charms
Of things external, only to inſnare
This image of himſelf? To the tuneful breaſt
Of virtuous Wiſdom, ſuch diſcordant thoughts
Are far excluded; other themes employ
The ſtudious ſage's hours; his kindred ſoul
Triumphs on Contemplation's eagle wings,
Thro' yon ætherial plains, where diſtant worlds
Roll thro' the vaſt abyſs; there unconfin'd
Purſues the fiery tract where comets glow;
Or in the ſable boſom of the night,
Sweeps headlong to o'ertake the rapid flight
Of exhalations, from ideal ſtars
Shot wildly down; nor diſdains he to behold
In Nature's humbler walks the ſweet receſs,
Where Beauty on the ſplendid roſe exults,
As conſcious of her form, or mildly veils
Her maiden bluſhes in the chaſter pink,
Or on the margin of the cryſtal brook
In ſoft Narciſſus blows. For him the choir

Of feather'd ſongſters breathe their vernal airs;
For him the ſtillneſs of th' Autumnal grove
In pleaſing ſadneſs reigns; for him the ſheaf
Of Ceres ſpreads it's yellow pride; the horn
Of ripe Pomona pours it's off'rings forth;
Winter preſents his free domeſtic bowl
Of ſocial joy; and Spring's Elyſian bloom,
Whilſt Flora wantons in her Zephyr's arms,
Invites the Graces forth to join the Hours
In feſtive dance. His taſteful mind enjoys
Alike the complicated charms, that glow
Thro' the wide landſcape, where enamell'd meads,
Unfruitful rocks, brown woods, and glitt'ring ſtreams,
The daiſy-laughing lawns, the verdant plains,
And hanging mountains, ſtrike at once the ſight
With varied pleaſure; as th' abſtracted ray,
That ſoft effuſes from EUDOCIA's eye
The opening dawn of love. He looks thro' all
The plan of nature with congenial love,
Where the great ſocial link of mutual aid

Through ev'ry being twines; where all conſpire
To form one ſyſtem of eternal Good,
Of Harmony and Bliſs, in forms diſtinct,
Of natures various, as th' effulgent ſun,
That pours abroad the mighty flood of day,
To the pale glow-worm in the midnight ſhade.

From theſe ſweet meditations on the charms
Of things external; on the genuine forms
That bloſſom in Creation; on the ſcene
Where mimic Art with emulative hue
Uſurps the throne of Nature unreprov'd;
Or the juſt concord of mellifluent Sounds;
The Soul, and all the intellectual train
Of fond Deſires, gay Hopes, or threat'ning Fears,
Through this habitual intercourſe of ſenſe,
Is harmoniz'd within, till all is fair
And perfect; till each moral pow'r perceives
It's own reſemblance, with congenial joy,
In ev'ry form compleat, and ſmiling feels

Beauty

Beauty and Good the ſame. Thus the firſt Man
Freſh from creation, riſing in the flood
A Godlike image ſaw; with fixt amaze
He gaz'd; th' attentive figure from below
Gaz'd with reſponſive wonder! did he ſmile?
The ſhad'wy features dimpled in the waves,
Not leſs delighted, till at length he found
From his own form th' external object flow'd,
And mov'd to his it's correſpondent charms.

Beauty and Good the ſame.] See *Plato's Dialogues*, *Xenophon's Memorabilia*, &c. whom the ingenious author of the *Traité du Beau* follows. *Si la felicité des hommes eſt neceſſairement liée avec la pratique de la vertu, il faut reconnoitre que la vertu eſt eſſentiellement bolle, puis que le beau conſiſte dans le raport des choſes avec nôtre deſtination.*

FINIS.